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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Song from Gitanjali

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand or dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

—*Rabindranath Tagore*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 19
Twenty-five Years of Tower Hill 20
Who Should Run the Railroads 21
THE PULPIT—
How the Modern Man May Get to Heaven.—Rev. Harry Foster Burns 23
CONTRIBUTED—
The Appeal to Force.—Arthur L. Weatherly 22
Suffrage Week at Tower Hill.—Theodora W. Youmans 26
SELECTED—
Wings for a Jewel.—*Zelia Margaret Walters* 26
Suffrage Planks and Presidential Pledges 29
THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Review.—A. L. W. 29
POETRY—
Song from Gitanjali.—*Rabindranath Tagore* 17
Life, a Question?—*Corrine Roosevelt Robinson* 19
Glory Shall Follow Glory.—*Charles Hanson Towne* 22
Indian Summer.—*Edward Wilbur Mason* 23
The Educated Cat.—*John Kendrick Bangs* 29
Springtime.—*Sumner Sollitt, Jr* 29
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Growth of Christianity. XXVI. Savonarola and the Great Renaissance 27
CORRESPONDENCE—
Anent "An Editorial Apology."—Fred A. Moore 28
THE FIELD—
Church Anniversary at Atascadero.—M. E. H. 30

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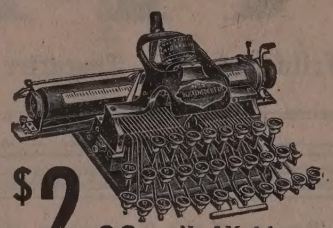

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXVIII THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1916. Number 2

LIFE, A QUESTION?

Life? and worth living?
Yes, with each part of us—
Hurt of us, help of us, hope of us, heart of us,
Life is worth living.
Ah! with the whole of us,
Will of us, brain of us, senses and soul of us.
Is life worth living?
Aye, with the best of us,
Heights of us, depths of us,—
Life is the test of us!

—Corrine Roosevelt Robinson

John Galsworthy, as reported in the *Christian Commonwealth* (London), has been telling the English public: "Whatever the terms of peace that will come, peace will not last without a league to guarantee it, and we cannot have such a league unless impartiality is its backbone, unless we are willing to accept its judgments in all matters and not merely when it suited us. Such a league will not be borne of violent minds but out of level and long headedness, and the desire to benefit not only our own country but the world after the war." Galsworthy is the nobler citizen of England because he can thus speak as a citizen of the world.

A writer in the *Public* of August 25th pushes the billboard nuisance to its final defense when it tells us that "The Billboard Trust" has a capital of several millions and consequently it has been able to resist the efforts of individual societies and the enforcement of state enactments. The nuisance has gone so far that one can "no longer look out of the car windows between New York and Washington without seeing the country disfigured by these gaudy and monstrous signs." Surely here is a cause worthy of the support not only of lovers of beauty but of lovers of fair play. Why should capital insolently thrust itself before the eyes of an unoffending but helpless public in this manner?

Apropos to the note on College Musical Extension in North Dakota, it will interest our readers to learn that one of the attractions, we might say the industries, of the new Municipal Pier in Chicago is the employment on the part of the Park Commissioners of Julian Worthington, a young man with a remarkable voice, to gather in the children at certain hours of the day and teach them to sing willy nilly. His method is the method of democracy, beginning with America, or something which "they all know," and leading up to newer and higher musical achievements. We believe that Superintendent Richards, the amusement man of the South Park Commission, is alive to the value of such agencies, and the time is not far distant when we may expect a great municipal chorus giving concerts that will be enthusiastically received by the polyglot people of Chicago.

The *Advance* of August 24th has an interesting suggestion in the way of a new college extension movement instituted by the Agricultural College of North Dakota, which takes the form of an "Open Country Singing Society." Why not? The power of the solo singer is a matter of cultural experience. At the best the great soloist can reach but a few people, but the power of the chorus can become democratic. The great chorals of Germany sang Protestantism into power. Luther's hymns more than his arguments broke the power of the chanting clerics, the weakness of the Catholic Church, then as now, is found in the fact that it does not teach the multitude to sing. Hymns belong to democracy, folk songs are necessarily liberalizing in their tendency because they enlist the interest of all people of all ages. Henry Ward Beecher used to say "There is no heresy in the hymnbook." The Union and Confederate soldiers encamped on the side of the Rapahannock used to join in singing "Annie Laurie" when the band struck the interstate and international melody. Let the universities push their singing extensions.

It is no surpise to those who know him that Dr. Joseph Fort Newton has returned to the United States, after a month's preaching in the City Temple of London, with a Call in his pocket. It is a high ministry and a noted succession that is offered him. His leave taking in London as reported in the *Christian Commonwealth* was full of tenderness and loving solicitation on the part of the English friends, and he, like the loyal American that he is, reserved his decision until he had returned to his own people. It is a far cry from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to London, but it is no mean ministry that is given to him in this growing, throbbing Mississippi Valley, and our friend will do well to carefully weigh the opportunities offered him. But whether he goes or whether he stays, he will belong to the same brotherhood, and we hope

he will make his place on the editorial staff of UNITY a real opportunity, whether he speaks the word in Iowa or in England. He told the English friends that if he returned he would seek:

> A ministry simple, but in no wise sensational; always positive, but never dogmatic; sweetly spiritual, without being pietistic; practical, but not political; at once personal and social; as liberal in its thoughts as it is orthodox of heart; the one aim of which is to make the Eternal Christ real and vivid to men today—that is my ideal and my ambition, and I have no other. I am persuaded that the truth as it is in Jesus is equal to all our vicissitudes, all our calamities, all our problems, whether of war or of peace; that what we need now and always, in England, in America, and everywhere, is not a new religion, but religion anew; a deeper realization of religion in personal experience, and a wider application of it in social, industrial and national life—the more so in a time when we live under the shadows of tragedy and look forward to baffling problems. That tragedy covers the whole earth—as a great Canadian editor came down to our university to say that Europe cannot climb Mount Calvary without every nation on the earth walking in Gethsemane.

"Compulsory Arbitration" has a disagreeable sound to the American ear. Disputants do not like to be compelled to do anything, and yet the objection is in the name. All courts of equity that undertake to settle disputes between individuals have an element of compulsion before the trial, and enforcement after the trial. Any aggrieved party has the right to compel the suspected offender to come into court and submit his case, and the defeated party is compelled to accept the decision of the court. When the dispute is between corporate entities, great combinations of capital on the one side and of labor on the other, the logic of the situation is the same, that the only effective arbitration is compulsory arbitration. Otherwise arbitration is but a strategic move in a larger game. When the last great garment makers' strike in Chicago involved many thousands of starving men, women and children, they piteously begged for arbitration and the philanthropic and patriotic people of Chicago seconded their request, but the comparatively few manufacturers held out and said, "We have nothing to arbitrate; the question is already settled. Now in this still greater struggle between two mighty corporate units, it is the representatives of capital that are demanding arbitration and the representatives of labor retorting that the issue is not arbitral. "We stand by our primal demand." In both cases the strategic situation was studied and the reluctant party refused to trust his case to a judicial arbitrament. But what higher solution can be found? An arbitration committee is but a competent court, a judicial bench made up of experts. It is to be hoped that before this mighty railroad struggle comes to an end, some form of compulsory adjudication will become a federal law.

Twenty-Five Years of Tower Hill

For twenty-five years Tower Hill has been establishing its routine in variety. Each year had its own story, its attractions and distractions peculiar to itself, but also each year had its inevitable course in The History and Practice of Religion, its "Hours with the Major Poets," particularly Browning, Whitman and Emerson, its occasional lectures on an endless variety of subjects and its nature studies which made the flora and fauna of the Hill and its surroundings an open book even to the small children. Each year had its peculiar visitors from the University of Wisconsin and similar institutions. Three and one-half times did the Class in Religion compass the seven year cycle, although for one of these twenty-five years the Tower Hill Summer School met in the Unity Building on Sixty-fifth Street in Chicago, near the Columbian Exposition, and there, as at the parent home, it entertained men and women of distinction: Julia Ward Howe and her daughters, Thomas Slicer, John C. Learned and other preachers and poets of note.

A quarter of a century is a good point at which to change horses and to stop for refreshment. Without much deliberate design a transition has almost unconsciously come to pass; the lectures on religious subjects went by default, partly because other programs had absorbed the interest, partly because the leader designedly was working for a change in the program.

What was done at Tower Hill this year, in the special rallies of the Librarians, the Suffragists and in the Farmers' Institute, has been or will be told by other correspondents. Suffice it for the Editor of UNITY to say that in this new order he sees a possibility of a renaissance of interest. It is well known to the student of history that great things are accomplished in the quiet and noble plans are laid in obscure corners. The greatest legislative achievements are accomplished by small committees, not by full houses, and committees generally find their efficiency in inverse proportion to their size. It was demonstrated this year at Tower Hill that twenty or thirty right-minded people, with common purpose but diverse experience, facing together their problems for a week, enrich their own lives, clarify their own minds and are prepared to make suggestions and initiate movements of far-reaching influence. Librarians talk of "pronunciamentos," the Quakers under similar circumstances talk of "testimonies," the Suffragists, more formal and more under the spell of parliamentary rules, "pass resolutions," the men from the universities "make suggestions" to the farmer folk. In all these cases the power of a few people consulting over a common problem was demonstrated in a striking manner to those who this year came under the spell of these three Tower Hill Conferences.

Frankness demands the confession that the scheme conceived in the small council chambers of Tower Hill was only partly realized. Four one-week conferences

were hoped for: a week for peace workers, a week for those who work for the amelioration of the toilers and the solution of the labor problem, a week for the library workers and a season for those who plot and plan for "votes for women." The first two did not materialize. In their place came unexpectedly the Farmers' Rally. We now know that the first two rallies were not realized perhaps because preparations were not taken in hand early enough but really because those causes lacked their leader. The other three rallies were made possible because there was a Lutie Stearns to marshall the librarians, a Miss McDowell and Miss Ada James for the women and a very efficient Annie Laurie Kelly to round up the splendid university representatives in whose hands the questions of the farm and the farm home and the country school glowed with prophetic power and poetic interest. It is but fair to claim that these new rallies and questions of the hour were shot through and through with the old spirit, the intangible atmosphere of Tower Hill was felt by the new comers and recognized by the old settlers.

The new poetry rhymed with the old masters on Tower Hill this summer, although Percy MacKaye, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters and Rupert Brooke were read and enjoyed, Whitman was not forgotten and Browning held the old place.

We ask our interested readers to read again, if they will, the special reports of these particular rallies furnished by other hands, that they may stimulate the question and perhaps suggest an answer; how can the hospitalities of Tower Hill be best utilized in the future. Here is the physical plant. We have gathered the traditions of an open forum where, for a quarter of a century, has been the quest for the inner meaning of life, the spiritual interpretation of things and folks. What a chance for small groups of preachers of many denominations, for teachers gathered in from the "little red schoolhouse" on the corner and up to those of the university, for singing masters and road-makers, town supervisors and county commissioners, temperance workers, peace advocates, yes, dressmakers and horse-tamers, not cow punchers but cow developers and dog trainers, all those who look for rest, beauty and renewal of mind, release from routine by higher attractions, all of which is offered by Tower Hill.

We hasten to make these suggestions now before we are caught in the noisy hurry of Chicago. We know not what the season of 1917 will bring forth, or the season of 1941 when the semi-centennial of Tower Hill will be celebrated, but the present writer has a right to say that Tower Hill is open for propositions on these lines. Let it be known that "Barkis is willin'."

Who Should Run the Railroads

Blewett Lee, General Solicitor of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, contributes a most clarifying article on the railroad situation, in the *Outlook* for August 30th under the title of "The Next Thing in Railway Legislation," which is, as this expert railroad man sees it, NATIONAL CONTROL under and through an Interstate Commerce Commission. All but three states of the Union; Delaware, Utah and Wyoming, now have their state railway commissions and the statute books of all the states are cumbered with railway legislation, wise and otherwise. These regulations of course vary in safety requirements, tariff rates and countless other things. Obviously, the railroads, like highways, are inter-state necessities, they are indispensable extensions of our highways, and the prosperity, even the existence, of the vast population is as much dependent upon the *rail*-road as it is upon the *dirt* road. The wagon roads were first the product of township governments and they were subject to the guardianship of town officers. Then they became county necessities, now they are the solicitous children of state guardianship, and national highways are objects of growing interest and generous patronage. Logically there is no place to draw the line between the path in the woods or the mountain trail and the transcontinental railway.

Mr. Lee sees but two alternatives for the future of railroads: 1, that they become absolutely the possession of the nation,—government ownership, or, subject to the direct regulation of the Federal Government,—national control. The former he considers inexpedient, "on account of the failure of democratic government to solve the problem of efficient administration anything like as well as private industry" and so he argues for absolute government control and the consequent non-interference of the states whose boundaries are only imaginary lines in the great traffic world.

This conclusion is doubly interesting because it comes from a high and efficient railroad functionary, and second, as the name implies, it comes from a child of the South, only once removed from the eminent men who were glad to risk their lives and lead thousands of others to their death for the principle of State Rights. Now it is a Lee and the General Solicitor of the great Illinois railways system that pleads for the national unit.

Politicians may yet in some sections try to do business on the old State Right capital, but live men everywhere, those who live close to the throbbing problems of our day, realize that the nation is the commanding unit and they already anticipate the day when, not interstate but international will be the quest of com-

merce as well as of philanthropists, the demand of trade as well as of philosophy and religion.

On one point alone, as it seems to us, do we find our friend Lee missing the prophetic courage. That our democracy has as yet failed to purge itself of crooked politics, "pork barrel" patriots and selfishness in office is too sadly apparent to be discussed but that it always must remain so, thus putting government ownership out of the question, we cannot believe. Responsibility develops conscience and great trusts create character. A government employee caused "The mountain to stand aside at Panama" and the national government is even now made radiant by the efficient devotion of a long line of public servants whose inspiration is service and not self. When democracy comes full orbed into power it will be prepared to conduct its highest interests with efficient servants. When a clean civil service practice is acquired and a non-partisanship patriotism is more fully developed, the railroads will be owned and directed by the people and for the people, and that is government ownership. Meanwhile, let Federal Control be hastened.

GLORY SHALL FOLLOW GLORY

I

Keats died—who knows?—in the wild bloom of youth,
And learned all truth,
That "Adonias" might be sadly sung;
That through the halls of heaven, from Shelley's tongue,
That royal dirge
Might thrill and surge
Deathlessly young.
Perhaps a poet passed
That one might tell at last
In this immortal song his beauty and glory,
Chant his lament,
For shining days soon spent,
In a great glowing story.

II

Does Love thus go
(Whither we do not know),
That one may sing the grandeur of Love's name?
That one who felt his fire and his flame
May stand in adoration at his pall,
And in a song supreme, majestical,
Voice the eternal wonder of the dead?
Ere Love has fled,
Silent are we before his face divine;
But when the lamps are wasted,
And the last cup is tasted,
And strong Death sets her crown upon his head,
There is a singer who must sing Love's praise,
Record his dreams and days,
And keep the light forever before his shrine.

—*Charles Hanson Towne*

The Century Magazine Dec. 1912.

The Appeal to Force

Something is radically wrong with a civilization which helplessly watches two parties to a great industry, on which the very life of the people depends, drift into a state of war. A general railroad strike means untold suffering and inevitably the death of many innocent persons. The eight hour day is coming. It belongs by right to the worker. It is essential to the existence of a democratic form of government. Leisure is necessary if the citizens are to have any intelligent understanding of the problems of the day. If the worker is worn to the point of exhausting fatigue by his labor or if his hours in shop and factory give him no time for the development of his individual life and the exercise of his own personality, he never can be what a free citizen of a republic ought to be—a thoughtful, self-reliant man.

But while we may agree that the matter of getting a living ought not to consume all of man's spiritual and physical energy, yet it does not follow that men have a moral right to gain for themselves these hours of rest and opportunity without any consideration of the methods by which they are obtained. A majority may be as ruthless and cruel in its use of power as a minority of one. The moral conduct of the many may be no higher than that of the few. Because a man has a right to a thing it does not mean that he has a right to ride roughshod over all who stand between him and the object of his desire. Mere possession of power does not prove anything on the battlefield except that it shows who is the stronger.

When men refuse the principle of arbitration they are turning their faces against the whole course of civilization. It would mean more to society for the railroad men to submit their contention to any sort of judicial tribunal and to be beaten and to acquisce, than it possibly can for them to carry their point by mere brute force of numbers and industrial power.

If they are right they are bound to win. The constant appeal to the moral judgment of mankind will ultimately give them the victory. Every dispute settled on the basis of reason is a distinct victory for mankind. Any other is only marking time for the race.

In the settlement of any labor dispute the third party to the controversy, the public, is concerned in a material way. It is more vitally concerned in the material and spiritual conflict which is always involved in determining the method by which such disputes are to be settled. Order, civilization, spiritual progress, the development of the highest types of manhood and womanhood depends upon the capacity of men to rely upon appeals to the sane and sober judgment of the people.

To gain an end, no matter how good in itself, by means that in their use undermine the foundations of society, is to do that which if persisted in will bring down on our heads the whole edifice of civilization. Such respect as we now have for law and order and the machinery of civilization has been built up at great cost and sacrifice. Our great problem after all is not the solution of social questions but the discovery and application of the right method of solution. So long as force is appealed to we deny the very fundamentals of democracy. For democracy rests on the proposition that all problems that arise between men can be

stated in moral terms and their settlement can be trusted to the ethical judgment of men. In industrial strife as in war the question must in the end be settled in accordance with what the experience of mankind pronounces just and fair.

No doubt a given end may be secured by the resort to use of power that men possess by the control, through organization, of an industry. We may sympathize deeply with the men who are struggling against great odds to obtain what is just and fair. But we can only be filled with sorrow when violence (even under great provocation) is used to secure a good end. It not only tends to defeat its own purpose but is a blow at the very heart of civilization.

The security and opportunity that American labor enjoys today—be it small or great—rests upon the response of mankind to the ethical standards which we have acquired. To throw these down means disorder. insecurity and anarchy. It is a long and hard way from trial by combat to willingness to submit controversy to a third party and cheerfully abide by his decision. But this is the supreme achievement of civilization. When the principle of arbitration, of judicial settlement is cast aside we are fast on the road back to trial by combat. We can afford to have tribunals make mistakes and even render partial decisions, for in submitting to them we are testing our faith in the moral order and also in the sanctity of our cause. The "theory of the dagger" has always failed and assassination never gets anywhere as a method of social progress. But heroic men and women have used these means for noble ends. Most of us will agree that these heroic souls did not aid the cause they had at heart. The great cause of democracy is more important than any question as to hours of labor or amount of wages, important as these may be. Democracy rests upon men's ability to reason together; to submit to third persons questions on which two disagree; to use arbitration rather than force.

It thus becomes a serious matter for a large group of intelligent citizens to refuse to submit to any tribunal a controversy with their employers. It is bound to have far reaching consequences. The eight hour day is not the real question. The one which is of far greater importance than that is when shall we achieve the ability to turn naturally to the institutions of democracy to settle industrial disputes.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

INDIAN SUMMER.

It was a day of tender haze
That shrouded half the earth.
Along the leafy woodland ways
Awoke no sound of mirth.

There was a silence in the air
That breathed upon the dust
And made the grasses tall and fair,
And all the flowers august.

A magic not of light or shade
Was laid upon the stream.
And every nook in glen and glade
Was steeped as in a dream.

A mystery held the skies in thrall,
And no wind loosed its breath;
Hushed nature dreamed, while over all
There slept the peace of death.

The Craftsman. —*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

THE PULPIT

How the Modern Man May Get to Heaven

A Sermon Delivered at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Sunday, August 27, by Harry Foster Burns, Pastor First Congregational Church, Oshkosh, Wis.

"O Taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that putteth his trust in him." One cannot but feel that back of this exclamation of the Psalmist, there is a sense of the reality of religion, an appreciation of ultimate life values, a life experience of richness and worth. It is as if a weary, thirsty traveller, in a parched land should have come at last upon a well of water, and rejoices to announce the fact to others. His enthusiasm for religion is like that of the experienced golfer, rejoicing to enlist his friends in the game that has remade him physically. And his confidence is that this which has been found by him so real and worthful will be found so by his friends. Therefore, the human appeal from experience to experience: "O taste and see that the Lord is good" and by experience discover that "blessed is the man that trusteth in him." And if our faith is to be presented to men convincingly once more; we must approach them from the point of view implied here, that "heaven" is an immediate experience, valuable in this present life; and our assurance must be supported not by formal logic, ecclesiastical dogma, or the authority of sacred books; but by the immediate facts of our own experience, which we can not doubt, which can not be gainsaid; an assurance that if only others will try this way of life, they too shall "see that the Lord is good," for "seeing is believing."

Here then is the formative principle of the apologetic in religion which is in accord with the modern scientific spirit; but not only the new apologetic, but the better understanding of our own understanding and valuation of our own life experiences. In the ancient Jewish social order there were three leading offices, that of prophet, of priest, and of king; and their lineal descendants are with us still. Over an organization which Neitszche called "the consummate creation of the Roman spirit (the spirit of political organization) sits a ruler—a "King." In the Protestant church he is business manager more than preacher. Here and there in all the churches, too, are great prophets, men who speak for God, who helpfully interpret life to their fellows, and thus feed the deepest hungers of the human spirit. But the priest has been much with us; with his traditional dogmas he has had much to do with forming the symbols in which our faith is mediated to us; by which it is interpreted, or as it most often happens in our time is misinterpreted.

This fact is apparent with regard to the symbols of experience which we call "heaven" and "hell." That these symbols stood for great realities of experience in the time of their origin, no intelligent, sympathetic student of the literature of that time will question. But we are equally certain that the terms do not have the same meaning, the same value for us, until translated by us, into a different set of mental images. "There is no hell, rang out the clear-toned Unitarian bell," with the vident meaning that for the modern

intelligent man, the old symbols of heaven and hell do not carry reality.

To carry reality for us they must be translated into terms of our present experience. According to the orthodox teaching of our childhood, heaven was a place to which certain people would go after death. It was a *place* where the things we did not like here, would be conspicuous for their absence—no work, pain, sorrow, sickness, death; and a *place* where the things we did like here would be greatly multiplied and intensified—endless prosperity, health, unclouded happiness, unbroken rest, life unending.

But the thought of our day leaves no room for the conception of a place somehwere above the earth, where we might be forever. Indeed, it makes it quite clear that whatever the particular picture of heaven given us by any of this old literature, it was in reality nothing more than the projection into the unknown and unknowable future the concepts formed in the matrix of present experience. And the modern man finds in that literature to-day not what the future has in store for us, but what was in the hearts, in the experience of the men who drew those pictures, for they drew them from the material furnished by their own experience. And so it is with the concept of eternity itself: upon no external authority, of priest, tradition, ecclesiastical dogma, or sacred word can we of this day feel assured that there is for us a life beyond this life; eternity beyond time. Indeed, we feel, that the conception of an unending life is not adequate; for if that be all there is of it, such a life might not be at all interesting to us. It is not "endless" life that we want, but more abundant life. The whole conception appears to us materialistic, mathematical, lacking in richness of content; though it carried a deeper content for many who once held it as the adequate symbol of their inner experience.

And as with the conception of heaven, itself, so with the ideas as to how men were to get there. With these ways of the orthodox faith you are familiar. Men were to believe certain dogmas, laid down by the ecclesiastical authority; for heaven was to be had through right-thinking. This basic conception and not barbarism is the explanation of the burning of Servetus, and Savanarola. Their heresy would destroy men's souls, it was believed. Likewise the value of the rites of the church—baptism, so important that it must be administered even pre-natally; holy communion, and all the rest. But the modern man can not see for the life of him, that the mere external act of baptism, or the formal partaking of "bread and wine" can itself make a man one wit better or worse. It is all external, formal, interpreted as in itself a means whereby we may get to heaven. It is artificial, unreal. These symbols no longer grip our hearts, no longer come to us freighted with reality, no longer search the deeps of our nature; no longer support our hearts in time of trial.

On this account we have thrown them aside, and often with the husk have thrown out the kernel, too. There were values here for those men who first made and used these symbols, without which our life is poor in the midst of its prosperity. These values appear most immediately for us not in the writing of the priests, but of the prophets and the poets of the faith. They appear in the psalms on almost every page. "No good thing will the Lord withhold from them that walk uprightly" said the poet of faith, and we may be sure that back of this expression there was some sort of a life experience which enabled the author of these words to find good in all that came to him. The reality is like that of the Apostle Paul's faith when he declared, "All things work together to good to those that fear the Lord." From the ordinary point of view, Paul's life surely furnished no ground for this sort of a declaration. He had more than his share of disappointment, of hardship and loss; and yet there was something in his life, which enabled him to turn all this to gain, and come up smiling, serene, triumphant over every experience. He was "more than conqueror."

Similarly we read: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him," and we can only understand that in the experience of the man who wrote those words was a feeling of security, of trust in the world, which was intimately connected with his faith in his God, and the commitment of his life to him. Akin to this feeling is that of St. Augustine, who after a youth of waywardness and wickedness, came into a life of unusual devotion and effectiveness in the service of right, and then wrote: "We are made for thee, O God, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in thee." So also did Paul tell of "the peace which passeth understanding"; and Jesus near the close of a troubled career quietly say to his friends: "My peace I give unto you; my peace I leave with you."

With illustrations I might continue; but your minds will supply a multitude of them. In all such writing two things appear; first, that heaven is an immediate experience, a present reality; and secondly, that it may be our possessing in spite of what may seem to us unfavorable etxernal conditions. That it is a present reality is in accord with the direct declaration of the Gospel of John which says: "He that believeth on the son hath ever-eternal life," and again, "we know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Heaven is here. Hell is here, and now. They are the evaluation, the interpretation of our present experience. And they are not dependent upon favorable external circumstances of life. The world is so built that we can have heaven here, in spite of all that external circumstances may do to us. It was Jacob Boehme, German mystic of the fourteenth century, who said that his life had been a "bath of thorns and thistles," but nevertheless one of joy and victory. Habakkuk found heart to "rejoice in Jehovah" even though "the fig-tree did not flourish." Jesus placed the conditions of blessedness within; rested them upon the condition of men's hearts. "Blessed are the pure in heart—the peace-makers—the men of humble spirit"; those who choose to "be persecuted for righteousness sake" rather than desert the cause of right and truth. In appreciation of this truth, Coleridge says, in his "Ode to Dejection":

> It were vain endeavor
> Though I should gaze forever,
> In that green light that lingers in the West.
> I may not hope, from outward forms to win
> The passions and the life whose fountains are within.

This experience of happiness, of worth, of richness in life, of joy; this sense of the realization increasingly of a "more abundant life," is the reality, of which all description of heaven has been symbol and sign. With

it has come to men a sense of release from sin and selfishness, of freedom, of newly experienced power, of "union with God," of quickened mind and strengthened body, a new vividness in the beauteous things of the world, a new depth and wealth in friendship, a new joy in work, a new victory over pain, and a new sweetness in sorrow. Persons of such experience of heaven would say with Paul: "Old things have passed away, all things have become new." They know themselves as men who have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man that is being renewed day by day."

But we can not be satisfied with these descriptions of the feelings, the emotional color which accompanies this kind of life; but must ask what is the life itself? What kind of man is this new man? By what way can a man of modern mind, in reality, and normally come into this sort of an experience in life, now? When we sound these lives down to their very bottom experience, what is it we find? What is the basis of this emotional experience which seems to them so immediately valuable, and which they identify with the "presence of God in their lives," their "spiritual union with God." The answer appears when we review the religious experience in its origin and through its history, in the life of the race. Primitive man sitting wth his fellow-tribesmen about the sacred feast, eating the flesh of the sacred animal, does so in obedience to the custom of his tribe; and if he refused he would be expelled from the tribe. But in the prescribed religious ceremony he partakes of the life of the tribe, identifies himself with it. The sacred animal, usually the kind of animal upon which the tribe depends chiefly for its meat, represents the God of the tribe. It is therefore closely identical with the deep instinctive need for food, and therefore closely identified with the life of the tribe. When the individual partakes of this food, participates in this feast, he identifies himself with the deep instinctive interests of the group to which he belongs. He loses his individual life in the life of the group; submerges his interests to its interests. Indeed he exists in his own mind, and in the minds of his fellow-tribesmen, not as an individual at all but as tribe-member; an integral part of the group. Now it is this primary experience that persist as altogether the deepest and most profound fact of religious life. Religion is the increasing identification of our individual lives and interests with the life of the larger and larger group; it is the submerging of the individual life in the group life; the losing of the lesser and smaller self, to find that larger and higher self, the self that is one with the ideal ends of humanity itself. To make this identification of one's interests with the interests of others is the way to heaven, and it brings its own immediate reward in experience.

The truthfulness of this point of view is subject to immediate test. We find no joy save in relationship with others. A Robinson-Crusoe-existence would be joyless existence. But when "two hearts beat as one," then there is resultant joy, immediate and rich. The sweet accord of the two lives in which each life loses itself in the life of the other, brings joy, brings "heaven"; just as discord here brings bitterness, brings "hell." And the truth can be carried into ever and ever larger groups, more and more extended and complex social relations, until one reaches progressively the identification of his life with the life of the world in its ideal ends and purpose. When any man does this, and to the extent that he does this, he will find "heaven," he will know that he has passed from death unto life, he will experience a release from the older bondage in the newer life of service; in the concord between his life and the eternal purpose so far as he has discovered it, will he find that "peace that passeth understanding," the union of his life with God; for God is the symbol and the embodiment of these ideal human values.

How then may the modern man get to heaven? The question is already answered, in the definition of "heaven." But now it is clear that no unrighteousness man can enter therein. Unrighteousness sows the seed of discord, and discord is hell; and when the unrighteousness is in great international relationships, then it sends the whole world to "hell," in which we are to-day suffering. No drunkard, no man who identifies himself with that which destroys his peace of mind, his physical and mental power, can by any means enter into that immediate experience of joy, of peace, of power which belongs to those who have increasingly organized their whole conduct, and aspiration about the ideal ends of the race. No adulterer can enter into the kingdom of heaven; for in that act he identifies himself with those practices which serve to destroy the values and institutions the race has through long and bitter experience built up for its own protection and perpetuity. No self-centered man can have the sense of joy, of peace, of power, which comes to him who forgets self in the service of these ideal human interests.

The reality of this experience we can not doubt. If it is not ours, and on this ground we argue that it is not real, then do we place ourselves in the position of the cat lying on the study rug warming itself in the fire and declaring that there is no such thing as enjoyment of Tennyson and Browning, or the beauty of the Madonna. The fact is that there are many men living, and it is our privilege to know them, who have made this dedication of their lives to the interests of the whole group and who have therein found themselves, found "heaven." They are the men of social service, unstintingly working to relieve the misery of the world, and what is more to remove the causes of that misery. They are the great musicians and artists, the scientists and philosophers, the prophets and statesmen, who have so thoroughly lost themselves in the work they are doing for life, that they might well confess with Paul: "Yet no longer I live," but the creative spirit of my science, art, or religion lives in me.

And this happiness comes not to the men who seek it directly; no more than does he win the game who is seekingly directly the applause of the galleries, or who allows his eye to turn from the golf ball to the distant goal. It comes as the natural, the normal and sure result, of fulfilling the conditions suggested about. Heaven is the fruit of right living. It is the natural harvest of righteousness and love genuinely operative in our human relations. These relationships are just our opportunity, through self-forget service to find heaven; or through disobedience to the laws of life to make earth a hell for ourselves. Heaven comes to the heart of the man who faces the sorrows and the sacrifices of life and though he may say "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," but who still,

as his mind passes to the moral values that can be served only through this suffering adds: "Nevertheless Thy will be done." It comes to the widowed mother who draws back from the sacrifice entailed upon her in sending her son to college, and though tempted many a time to write for him to return to her support, looks ahead to the work he may do in the world with an education and which he can not do without it, and goes on uncomplainingly, victoriously, enduring the cross for "the joy that is set before her."

If then, sacrifice, is to have value in helping us to heaven it must be the sacrifice of a contrite heart; if baptism is to help it must be filled with content by a dedicated life; if church membership is to be means of our salvation, it will be because it furnishes us a group, drawn together by ideal interests living in the bond of love. It is a school for the cultivation of the larger social self under the best sort of human conditions, bringing together as it seeks all members of the human family in the interest of the progressive realization of life's ideals. If this purpose be deep in our life; if we are participating in this sort of life just in the social situation afforded us, then shall we be able to enter into sympathy with the feeling of the Psalmist when he said: 'O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that putteth his trust in him." And we shall convince others of the truthfulness and worthfulness of our religion not by force of logic but by the immediate taste of the experience when once we can lead them to try the same sort of life.

Suffrage Week at Tower Hill

A bit of evidence to prove the truth of the old saying that "all things come to him who will but wait" is my experience at Tower Hill. For ten years or thereabouts I have annually been honored with an invitation to visit the Hill. Once or twice I have been placed on the program. This summer, for the first time, I was able to accept the invitation, and spent four days. The thermometer said they were dreadfully hot days, but my memory is that they were delightful days, too, amid the sylvan surroundings of these high bluffs of the Wisconsin.

The special call was a "Suffrage Week," following Miss Stearns' "Library Week," which in turn followed the regular conference at the Hill. Our Suffrage Week attracted perhaps twenty women all told. We talked over methods of doing suffrage work and gave our several opinions as to what kind of suffrage work is most effective at the present time. We did not of course agree wholly as to detail—that would be contrary to the spirit of Tower Hill, where every one is expected to say just what he or she thinks, to disagree amiably, and talk it out without bitterness or ill-will.

It was a pleasant and profitable conference, that which resulted from our Suffrage Week. We have had other pleasant and profitable conferences, but we had something at the Tower Hill Conference that has never come to us in that connection before. The beauty of the surroundings is like a benediction. The quiet cottage life had a wonderful influence in doing away with the crowding superficialities of the everyday, making one see how pleasant it is for brothers and sisters to dwell together in simple normal fashion.

Above all, the presence and inspiration of the Master of Tower Hill made this conference more notable than its fellows. We must live in this world as it is, and not all of us can keep free of materialism and expediency. But the great voice crying in the wilderness, for the people to repent of their sins, to live together in peace and amity, is something I shall never forget. It will uplift and it will sustain in years to come.

THEODORA W. YOUMANS.

Waukesha, September 1, 1916.

Wings for a Jewel

There was a time when wings were the common gift of all souls. Some used their wings, and made them more strong and beautiful each day; some laid them aside in out-of-the-way places; and, when they did at length desire to use them, they found them moth-eaten and nearly useless, and some traded their wings for other things.

A woman once was walking in the market-place, and she saw a rare jewel that she wished to own. She lingered about, looking and admiring; and then she asked the merchant the price.

"I have use for a pair of good wings," said the merchant. "I will sell it for wings."

At first the woman refused. She had need of her wings. Sometimes they carried her on happy flights. And then, they were a gift that came with life. She even thought she had no right to trade them for other things.

"I do not use them often," she said; "they lie in the box for weeks at a time. Still, I might want them very much some day. I could have the jewel before my eyes always, and it would not take so much room. I'm sure I could never want the wings as I now want the jewel. If I had both before me for choice, I believe I should choose the jewel."

This debate went on in her heart for many days, but in the end she exchanged her wings for the jewel.

After many days came one she loved, and said, "Fly with me to the place where the king gives gifts today."

"I cannot," she said; "I have no wings, but I have a jewel."

"Ah, but a jewel cannot help you to fly!" said her friend sadly, and went away alone.

At another time, when sorrow lay heavy upon her, a friend said, "Fly with me to the fountain of joy, and cure this sadness that afflicts you."

"I have no wings," she said. "I have only a jewel."

And then she fell sick in body and soul. Those who loved her entreated her to fly with them to the mountain of healing, where she could gain health and strength again. But she could not go because she had no wings. Then sorrowful, and yet hoping, she set out to find the merchant to see whether she could not exchange the jewel for wings.—*Zelia Margaret Walters, Lakewood, O.*

O. E. World, Mar. 9, 1916.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the First Christian Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXVI.

Savonarola and the Great Renaissance

"A faithful dog does not give up barking in his master's defense because a bone is thrown to him."
—Savonarola.

Inasmuch as this is a biographical course of study in which we are but trying to consider the great stepping stones across the centuries, we take Savonarola as the central figure of what was the most remarkable period in the intellectual life of man the world has ever known, the Great Awakening.

The Renaissance is an Anglicised French word which means the new birth, or, the re-birth. That it was and much more. The classic world of Greek culture was reborn. Christianity underwent an intense ethical rebound from the loose and wicked life of Rome and the incoherent life of the world everywhere. Babylon and Nineveh were then sanded over by the dust of centuries. Greece had gone to pieces, while Rome was a power indeed but a very unpromising power. The church had yielded to debauchery, though it never justified the same, and was continually quarreling with and conquering national governments. Christianity in its tremendous recoil from these conditions found itself trying to build on God, and consequently for a thousand years was at war with instituted life. Christianity saw that it must build on a more lasting foundation; the foundation of the moral law and worshipful idea. Christianity found itself in a world of sunshine and roses, as well as thunder storms, tornadoes and earthquakes, a world in which the love of home was dominant and human nature over-flowed the dykes with which religion had undertaken to confine the stream. In that break and in that rebellion of soul and spirit it took thought and remembered the beautiful things of Greece; remembered the great philosophy of Plato; remembered the dramas of the Greek poets, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Euripides and Aescylus; remembered Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, and made a Renaissance of the old culture, and Europe was reawakened.

It is impossible to gain a true conception of the growth, depth and far reaching significance of the Renaissance in a morning's lesson. Its authorities are masterful and available. J. A. Symonds' extensive work on "The Renaissance in Italy" has a wealth of illustration and story. Jacob Burckhardt's "The Civilization of the Renaissance" is a one volume work and very complete.

The city which stands out pre-eminently as the capital city of the Renaissance is Florence, the city of Dante, Angelo, Savonarola and of the de Medici. Italy was not Italy as we know it but a group of fighting, quarreling principalities. Ferrara Savonarlo's birthplace was one of those principalities and Florence another.

The personality which stands out pre-eminently is Girolamo Savonarola (1452-1494). He was born nobly; his grandfather was an eminent physician and on his mother's side there was a military connection. Savonarola's two older brothers early secured positions in the army and it was hoped that Girolamo would take up the study of medicine. According to his own story an unknown monk, preaching in Ferrara spoke the "single word" which changed and decided the whole career of the boy.

On the eve of a great social event at which his parents were ambitious that he appear in fine clothes, Savonarola disappeared and before night of that very day he had put on the white robe of a Dominican novice in an obscure monastery at Bologna. He wrote his father what he had done and said that if he would look behind certain books he would find a manuscript. This document contained a free, frank confession of his reasons, saying that he had chosen deliberately to be a teacher in a quiet monastery. Within perhaps the last fifty years this document has been found containing his father's autograph and comments. Savonarola became a successful teacher, and was called to preach but does not seem to have made much impression. Owing to political troubles in Ferrara he was transferred to the new and rising monastery of San Marco in Florence which became the most famous monastery perhaps throughout Christian history.

In the monastery his first success was in Bible teaching. He was impressed to find how little the monks knew of it. They soon pricked up their ears and would allow nothing to interfere with this study. He was sent out into the country to preach, meeting with moderate success. At this time there was a thundering orator preaching in the Duomo who had everything his own way and drew immense crowds, the Duomo was a central conspicuous building as it is now. Savonarola was called upon to meet the sophistry of this popular preacher, and in doing so he startled Florence. He declared that he was going to preach there for eight years and he did, and preached straight from the shoulder, right into the heart of the de Medici following and the wickedness of the church.

Lorenzo de Medici was the rascal of the Renaissance. He fostered great things with bad money, was the patron of art of his time, also the great money lender of Europe, a sort of J. P. Morgan. It is interesting to remember that the coat of arms of the de Medicis showed three golden balls which now have become the universal symbol of the pawnshop. De Medici's standards were those of the politicians of today; in order to accomplish anything you must lower your standards, the doctrine of the Devil who finds himself most efficient when he dons saint's robes.

Is it a fact that there is a connection between the degenerate and artistic ages? Find art triumphant and you will find morals dragging in the dust. Not necessarily so but because art needs money. You cannot build a Parthenon without money. St. Peters could not have been built without money. Some at least of the iniquities of this period were born out of the demands of art. The Pope wanted the largest

church in the world to give expression to Angelo's genius. For this purpose his monks went begging through Europe, leading to the sale of Indulgences, etc.

Savonarola preached in the Golden Age of Christian art which had its headquarters in Florence. He preached against "the worst Pope that ever sat in St. Peter's chair" and of whom a Catholic author says that there is no better proof of the divine origin of the church than that it survived such a Pope as Alexander VI. The Church endeavored to check Savonarola by the offer of a cardinal's hat. To the emissaries making the offer he replied that he would give his answer in the Duomo and did so by making a more defiant arraignment of the corruption of his day and of Christianity and church than he had ever spoken before. The rest of the story is well known. He was hurried to trial, convicted to be hung, then burned, and his ashes thrown into the Arno. The execution was conducted with much ecclesiastical pomp. He was stripped of his robes and "separated from the church militant and the church triumphant." To the Bishop Savonarola said, "From the Church Militant, yes! thou canst do that, but thou hast no power to separate me from the church triumphant."

The story is told how Lorenzo de Medici tried to conciliate Savonarola but failed. When the great man came to die he sent for Savonarola who declared three things necessary before he could grant absolution. "First a great and living faith in God's mercy," quickly assented to. "Second, you must do all in your power to restore your ill gotten gains," accepted with some hesitation. "Third, you must restore liberty to the people of Florence." But the tyrant turned his face to the wall and died unshriven.

Savonarola was the great preacher of the Renaissance not because he was a gifted orator but because he had a big message, a message of Christianity in the present tense. Without breaking with art and beauty he held to the old ethical and spiritual standards of the New Testament.

For further light on this period read "Girolamo Savonarola, A Prophet of Righteousness" by William H. Crawford and do not forget George Eliot's "Romola" who led the children who scattered violets on the pavement where the ashes of Savonarola fell.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What did Savonarola expect to do at first?
(2) How did he come to preach?
(3) Against what great Florentine was he arrayed?

CORRESPONDENCE

Anent "An Editorial Apology"

My Dear UNITY:

I greatly appreciate the splendid reply to your critics that you have made in "An Editorial Apology" in UNITY of August 10th. So I want you to have what encouragement I can give to hew to the line of truth and right as we see it. You and Frederick Lynch and Stoughton Cooley are indeed high lights in the darkness surrounding us. That you can also feel yourself surrounded by a cloud of poetic witnesses is a great inspiration as well as comfort. There is one other similar fact that I wish to suggest.

Dr. William Jenett Tucker, in his article in a recent number of *The Atlantic Monthly,* entitled "The Crux of the Peace Problem," bemoans what he considers a weakness of the pacifist movement in that pacifists do not seem to have set forth a tangible program for the establishment of a social and domestic peace that is worth while. He is conscious that even in the days of actual war, we are engaged in the social strife that proves that there is no real peace in the hearts and lives of men. There may be a large grain of truth in what he says. But my heart rebels at the insinuation that this is to the discredit of the pacifists. For I am keenly conscious that almost every single social radical, that group of all kinds of persons representative of every school of social, economic, and political reform, is quite without exception devoted to the same spirit, principle, and purpose for which UNITY and its Editor stand in this crucial day. All the social workers, the laborites, socialists and single taxers, the real liberals in religion, and so many of the advanced thinkers in philosophy as in the realm of poetry, are unanimously and consistently pleading that the world learn the lesson of the centuries that not by force but "by my spirit, saith the Lord" shall we even begin to build securely the foundations of a worthy and enduring social order. To enumerate the leaders of any of the militant peace organizations, such as the Church Peace Union, the American Union against Militarism, and the Woman's Peace Party is to throw into glorious light the names of men and women who are without superiors in their life-long devotion to ameliation of the social strife.

Jane Addams, Lillian D. Wold, Sophonesba Breckinridge, Zona Gale, Mary McDowell, Mrs. Glendower Evans, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Stephen S. Wise, John Haynes Holmes, Herbert Bigelow, John Lovejoy Elliott, Scott Nearing, John Spargo (*and other names you can so readily insert*) are some of this great company.

I do not need to urge you to stand fast. You will do so while you have life. But feel assured that you are supported by spiritual sympathy and co-operation among many humble disciples and readers of UNITY. Our only regret in this connection is that UNITY is such an exception to the ruling type of journals of every kind on this great issue. That is its glory also.

Sincerely,

FRED A. MOORE.

Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago.
Gorham, N. H., August 15.

Dear UNITY:-

In a recent UNITY in enumerating the journals which stand unqualifiedly for peace and cheerfully lose their military subscribers, you should add "The Survey" one of our best, "The Sunset Magazine" of San Francisco, in which I write each month a bunch of editorials, and the San Francisco "Bulletin," in which one of my former students, Robert Duffus, writes a peace editorial every day and many of them most admirably done. Those, in general, "laugh best who laugh last' and the sum of the pacifist will come in due time.

Sincerely yours,

Aug. 16, 1916. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Dear UNITY:-

I have read your editorial in last UNITY with great interest and appreciation. This is to say that I en-

tirely agree with your position, and am delighted that you are standing out uncompromisingly against war. My experience in recent years leads me to appreciate and understand what you are going through in this experience. It is disagreeable to find one's self in the minority and looked on with suspicion, but you find what it is that many have gone through for the sake of their convictions and what they have believed was right and just. It braces one and makes mankind seem nearer and dearer. All success to you in this effort. You will never regret it.

Yours truly,

Wakefield, Mass. GEORGE W. COOKE.

Dear UNITY:

It is distressing that UNITY finds but half a dozen peace organs on its exchange list! While following the war cataclysm in Europe things are now one foot in the gulf in the United States; it is just as certain that the force that is to lift the world into peace, that will be virile and secure, is brewing under present society's feet. Let UNITY and Mrs. Quackenbush take samples of the whole socialist, labor union and farmers' press, and feel lonely no longer; and be enlarged thereby in faith, hope and love.

A reader for thirty-eight years.

FRED K. GILLETTE.

South Bellingham, Washington, August 16, 1916.

Sufferage Planks and Presidential Pledges

The Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association is circulating authoritatively over their own name, the following:

SUFFRAGE PLANKS.

National Democratic Platform, adopted at St. Louis, June 16, 1916:

"We recommend the extension of franchise to the women of the country by the states upon the same terms as to men."

Wisconsin Democratic Platform, adopted at Milwaukee, July 12, 1916:

"Believing that a party platform is a solemn pledge to the people, we heartily endorse the Democratic Platform recently adopted at St. Louis."

National Progressive Platform, adopted at Chicago, June 7, 1916:

"And we believe that the women of the country, who share with men the burdens of the government in times of peace and make equal sacrifice in time of war, should be given the full political right of suffrage, either by federal or state action."

National Republican Platform, adopted at Chicago, June 8, 1916:

"The Republican party, reaffirming its faith in government of the people, by the people, for the people, as a measure of justice to one-half the adult people of this country, favors the extension of the suffrage to women, but recognizing the right of each state to settle the question for itself."

Wisconsin Conservative Republican Platform, adopted at Madison, July 12, 1916:

"We affirm our adherence to the enduring principles of the Republican party as expressed in the national platform adopted last month at the national convention."

National Prohibition Platform, adopted unanimously at St. Paul, July 20, 1916:

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote should not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex. We declare in favor of the enfranchisement of women by amendments to State and Federal Constitutions."

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES FAVOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Justice Charles Evans Hughes, in his speech of acceptance in New York, July 31, 1916:

"If women are to have the vote, as I believe they are, it seems to me entirely clear that in the interests of the public life of this country, the contest should be ended promptly. I favor the vote for women."

In a telegram to Senator Sutherland, August 1, 1916:

"My view is that the proposed amendment (providing for the enfranchisement of women on the same terms as men) should be submitted and ratified and the subject removed from political discussion."

President Woodrow Wilson, in a letter to the president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, made public June 22, 1916:

"The plank (woman suffrage) received my entire approval before its adoption and I shall support its principle with sincere pleasure. I wish to join with my fellow democrats in recommending to the several states that they extend the suffrage to women upon the same terms as men."

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Review

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND MARRIAGE, by Edward Howard Griggs. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

This little book is a study in the art of living. It emphasizes the importance of friendship as a factor in self-development. Through personal relations we realize the highest values in life. The highest form of such relationship is found in marriage. This is the severest test that meets a man or woman. But youth attracted by superficial charms often makes a mistake. That mistake, at least if no children are involved, ought not to forever blight the lives of those that make it. But the interest that society has in marriage is supreme and cannot be neglected. Most marriages turn out well in spite of the somewhat alarming statistics in regard to divorce. But legislation cannot make perfect marriages. These come from a high ideal of conduct, from a willingness to love rather than to demand love.

A. L. W.

THE EDUCATED CAT.

What good it does the Educated Cat
To jump through paper hoops, and wear a hat,
I cannot see.
But if she'd spent her time in learning how
To milk a cow
It seems to me
There'd be some sense in that,
Considering that she
Likes milk for breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

St. Nicholas. —*John Kendrick Bangs.*

SPRINGTIME.

O beautiful springtime, the childhood of the year,
The time when people high and low,
Have their crops and hopes to sow;
Springtime the season of good cheer.

In spring the year's cares are yet to come,
The flowers are peeping forth,
The birds are flying north,
And there are blossoms for the cherry, peach and plum.

Springtime! Childhood! Beginning the incline,
In being loved you lead the race,
In beauty, springtime holds first place;
Ah! Spring thou art divine.

—*Sumner Sollitt, Jr.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

CHURCH ANNIVERSARY AT ATASCADERO.

The Federated Church of Atascadero completed its first year of activity last month and celebrated its first birthday on Sunday, July 9th. The following account of the Sunday services, as well as of the mid-week banquet, is condensed from the *Atascadero News*.

The Atascadero Federated Church was organized at the Stadium, so it was considered appropriate that its first anniversary service should be held in the same place, our first temple of worship, roofed by the spreading branches of the great oak tree, pulpited by a low limb, walled by the encircling hills of brown and green.

A large number of automobiles attended to the transportation, so that the service was well attended by men, women and children, showing a marked increase over the little congregation of one year ago.

The choir rose to the occasion with a magnificent rendering of the anthem "Sun of my Soul" and a clarinet solo by Mr. Scott of the Atascadero Conservatory.

Dr. Berry delivered an inspiring sermon upon the theme "Opportunity," with special reference to the opportunity of the church in Atascadero, taking as his text Rev. 3:8, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door."

"We are all adventurers," he said, "and should have a just conception of that which we are about to undertake. We all have our own ideas of what life is and what it means, or should mean to us, but we are called by this open door to a higher conception of life, to a broader ideal of service, and to a consequent richer personal experience.

"....There is no place for the narrow life. Christ came not to be ministered, unto but to minister, and the broad life is the life of ministry to others. To the broad life comes a richer personal experience, and out of that, character. For no man can seek after the ideal faithfully without building character out of his experiences, and after all, character is the supreme thing in life. We are judged by our character as it shows in our deeds, and as a church, our doctrines are judged by what they produce, as a tree is by its fruit.

"'Behold, I have set before thee an open door.' Before you, the church, the door is open to the largest possibilities of human attainment, and here, in Atascadero, it has been opened very largely by the very scheme upon which the Colony is founded, a scheme which is in itself an incentive to ideal living and the proportionate development of character, and which is in harmony with the Divine plan for the symmetrical development of the entire man, that plan which would accomplish its purpose by putting into active practice our standard of fellowship, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' or better, the one command of our Lord, which is this—'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you.'"

It was an impressive and memorable service under the old live oak, and will go down in Atascaderian history as one of the important milestones in our progress toward the ideal city of our dreams.

The evening meeting took the form of a Fellowship Service, which is to be observed as a regular feature of Anniversary Day during the years to come. It was a regular family gathering, at which quite a number of the members spoke freely and informally as to their personal experience with regard to the organization of the church, their feeling toward the idea of federation, and their opinion of its success during this first year of its existence.

Concerning the success of the plan thus far, all were unanimous. The past year's record has proven that that which it was said could not be done, can be done—that fifteen different denominations, representing as many different creeds and forms of worship, can come together on a basis of service and work harmoniously for the upbuilding of the kingdom of God.

Many spoke of the utter absence of discord or dissension, both on the church board and among the members, and much of the credit for this was laid at the door of our beloved leader, Dr. Berry, whose liberal mind, boundless tact and serene, unselfish disposition have steered the ship of the church from many a shoal. It is easy to listen to one who preaches only what he practices himself, and when he bids us "love one another," he offers us a living example of his precept.

Grateful mention was made of the debt

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owed to the Colony Holding Corporation, represented by Mr. Lewis, which has given a meeting place and granted many courtesies during the past year that have helped to lessen the handicap under which the church has been laboring.

Running through the words of all was an emphatic note of unwillingness to give up the Federation and return to the old order. "Having made the start," said one, "let us go on with our dream, making it broader and more far-reaching, stronger and more effective as we grow in strength and numbers and spiritual force. Let our dream church keep pace with our dream city, and show to the world of churches, as Atascadero will to the world of cities, how great things can be done where all are united in heart and soul, and moved by one spirit, the spirit of God, who is Love."

On Thursday night, July 13th, at the stadium, one of the most enjoyable social gatherings ever held in our community was that given by the Federated Church in honor of its first anniversary and for the purpose of electing officers.

The Woman's Guild and the Men's Bible Class had the matter in charge and set the date for Thursday out of a feeling that the Sunday services should be kept free from business matters.

Two hundred and eighty adults and about seventy children were provided for.

After the banquet came the reports of the committees and other official units of the church.

Following the recommendation of the official board, no changes were undertaken in the constitution or organization of the church. This was due to the strong feeling that the year had been so pleasant and successful that it would be wise to let well enough alone. In all probability this action establishes a precedent that fixes the character and organization of Atascadero's one church for years and years. It certainly puts the stamp of community favor upon the church just as it is, and makes it certain that Atascadero is ONE in church matters and refuses to be divided.

The treasurer's report, giving receipts and disbursements month by month, showed a total of $1039.22 received and a balance of $59.95 on hand for current expenses, and $54.55 for missions.

I regret that UNITY readers cannot see the picture of the Anniversary Sunday audience under the great live oak, which accompanied this report as published in the *News*. M. E. H.

UMBRELLAS

People on a rainy day
Look like mushrooms, strange to say,
And their round umbrella-tops
Gleam between the falling drops.

Little mushrooms grow in clumps
Round the feet of mossy stumps;
Large ones wander up and down
Through the streets of Rainy Town.

—*Miriam S. Clark.*

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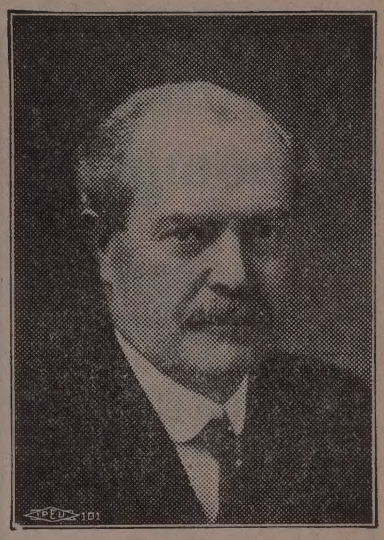

As the campaign for the primary election approaches its close, the renomination of Governor Dunne seems assured. His opponents have found it pretty difficult to find arguments to convince voters that they are qualified to furnish an administration approaching the present one in progress or achievement.

There has been nothing for the Governor's opponents to attack. From the hour of his inauguration he has executed a program for the people unequaled in the history of the state. What has been done? A Public Utilities has been established. What has that done? It has reduced the cost of gas and electricity in 111 cities in the state, has saved $1,000,000 to the consumers and has earned $250,000 for the state.

What about the roads? During Governor Dunne's administration Illinois has been dragged out of the mud. Within four years six hundred miles of concrete and macadam roads have been built to the great advantage of farmers and automobilists.

The appropriation for common schools has been increased from $4,000,000 in 1911 to $8,000,000 in 1915.

Governor Dunne's administration has worked wonders for social service. Employes in state institutions work eight hours where they formerly worked sixteen and now have one day's rest in seven.

The Miners have been helped by new and just laws, such as: providing mine rescue stations, sanitary washrooms in mines and factories, and other laws providing for safety.

Important changes and amendments in the Workmen's Compensation Law has been of vast benefit to labor.

Efficiency has been a watchword in this administration. There have been no scandals in departments, such as were common under previous administrations, economy has been observed everywhere. Governor Dunne has vetoed more appropriations for useless purposes than any other Governor in the history of the state. Watchfulness has been exercised, and along with progress there has been a business-like administration.

If a record for efficient and honest government means anything, Governor Dunne will be easily re-elected in November.

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"Love for the Battle-torn Peoples"

INTRODUCTION

I do not know when I have read a more interesting collection of chapters than those in Dr. Jones' book, "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples." They are true, and truth is always interesting. Half-truths are dull, and most writing is only half-truths. It is only the prophet who speaks the whole truth, and Dr. Jones is one of the prophets. No outworn shibboleths for him; no reposing in medieval formulas of thought; no clinging to customs simply because they are ancient; no allegiance to a thought because the mob holds it; no meeting of twentieth century problems with outgrown weapons. There is nothing of these things here. There is only thought that transcends conventions; love that spreads far beyond national boundaries; vision that appreciates the great human-divine soul of man in every land; patriotism that claims the foreigner as a brother to be loved rather than the enemy to be killed.

Dr. Jones finds something to be loved in the people of every land. He is perfectly right in his judgment. The people of Europe had nothing to do with bringing on this war. The Germans did not hate Englishmen and Frenchmen. It was a handful of so-called statesmen who did it all, and it is only a few statesmen, editors and generals who hate other nations and egg their peoples into war. The path to peace lies through the hearts and minds of the people. These men who are killing one another in the trenches, put them all together, dress them as civilians, get the officials out of the way and they would have as happy a time as children at a Sunday School picnic. Peoples are already much the same, and *brothers;* governments emphasize differences, fan false patriotism, shout national ambitions, and are *enemies* of one another.

I do not recall any other book which brings out so strikingly the finest characteristics of each nation as does this. Here we see the real German, the real Russian, the real Frenchman and so on, and they are all lovable and have high qualities. Would that such a book as this could be put into the hands of our school children. It would not only make for their good-will toward the peoples of other lands, but would vastly increase their appreciation of the neighbor who lives next door.

FREDERICK LYNCH, D.D.

New York City, August 1, 1916.